A 1609/589.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS:

AMONG WHICH ARE,

THE QUIET CONSCIENCE;

THE AFFECTING STORY OF

GRIFFITH AND JENNETH;

THE DEPENDANT,

&c. &c. &c.

Written too intimately from the Author's own Feelings.

BY JOHN BATES.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY C. LEWIS, 67, GRAFTON-STREET.

1792.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
67
AUG

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF MOIRA.

MY LORD,

AS the tender [illegible] or the weakly ſhrub, benea[illegible]y protection of the majeſtic [illegible] open [illegible] greater ſerenity their [illegible] ſafety; permit me [illegible] favor your Lord[illegible] the follow[illegible] not guided, [illegible] by the puncti-lious rules of cri[illegible] by the infallible cenſor of taſte, [illegible] indiſcriminately, through a pregnant imagination, and a ſtrong natural love to poetic compoſitions

compoſitions; for things of this ſort authors generally perhaps, through a too prevalent ſanguinity of idea, aſſume to themſelves more credit than an impartial public ever intended them: and, it is highly probable the greateſt ſatisfaction, in the preſent inſtance, likely to ariſe to me, will be the diſtinguiſhed honor I have of thus publicly acknowledging myſelf, with all reſpect,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN BATES.

Holyhead, 10th March, 1790.

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THE

QUIET CONSCIENCE.

30
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The ARGUMENT.

THE natural and invaluable bleſſings ariſing from a Quiet Conſcience—*The man deſirous of ſuch, ever actuated by an abhorrence of Vice, and love of Virtue—Its power eminently ſeen in the moſt important ſtations—Its patriotic tendency—A concomitant of Mercy, Charity, &c.—An appeal to the Feelings of the Opulent—Religion, Truth, Juſtice, &c. the offspring of a* Quiet Conſcience—*A coinciding invocation to Virtue.*

THE

QUIET CONSCIENCE.

HAPPY the man! ay, greatly ſo, I ween,
Whether in opulent or low eſtate,
Whether a king in royal purple clad,
And bleſt with all the luxuries of life,
(If bleſſings can to luxury belong)
Or the poor mendicant, in tatter'd garb,
Fed by the hand of thrifty Charity
With ſcanty modicums and offals coarſe;—
Happy, I ſay, who in his boſom bears
A quiet conſcience; he, nor feels the pains
Of troublous paſſions, nor of vengeful guilt!
As the bright Sun, in regal ſplendor gay,
His fixed diurnal journey having paſt,
Serenely ſinks into the weſtern main;
So he, by day, with jocund brow purſues
Life's vari'd ſcene, as buſineſs calls him,
Or as duty prompts; then, calmly happy,
Through the night enjoys repoſe—unruffled;
No dreams of terror, no convulſive ſtarts,
No fear-formed phantoms, horribly malign!

Pervade the ſolitary midnight hour,
Nor mar the ſlumbers of his tranquil ſoul.
So, the ſweet babe, within its mother's arms,
With ſmile cherubic renders ſleep divine!

The thouſand vanities which tempt the ſoul
To joys uncertain, but to certain woe;
Thoſe various paſſions which ſeduce mankind
To join, through life, the deſultory dance
Of bliſs ideal, are to him unknown:
Giddy Ambition holds the palm in vain.
In vain ſhe becks him to the diſtant prize;
With philoſophic eye he cloſely views,
And wiſely ſcorns the adulating toy!

The gay incitements and the flow'ry paths
Of flippant pleaſure, he with caution ſhuns,
Well knowing that beneath the ſilken veil
Lurk lurid ſickneſs and unſparing death!
So in the border of ſome gay parterre,
Where vagrant woodbine or the moſs-roſe blows,
The ſpeckl'd ſnake, in watchful ambuſh hid,
Darts his dire venom at the luckleſs hand
Which crops, unwarily, the tempting ſweets.

Th'enormous volume of Satannic fraud,
Thin-leav'd and worded intricately cloſe,
With many a rent and many a bloody blot,
A fav'rite ſtudy in theſe modern times,
And which may boaſt of adepts not a few,
He reads ſubverſive. The dark meanderings
Of the villain's heart, callous in miſchief
And confirm'd in guilt, ſhrinking he views!
And far from ſuch directs his adverſe courſe;

Truth

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 67 AUG

Truth, honeſt truth, indelibly pourtrays,
And ſtamps his actions with intrinſic worth:
Pure as the humble lilly of the vale,
Or new-dropp'd ſnow upon the mountain's top,
His ſpotleſs conduct may ſecurely dare
The keeneſt ſearch of ſcrutinizing doubt.

Envy, arch fiend! implacable and fierce!
Gender'd, abortive, in the depths of hell!
And, howling, thence, with ſcorpion whips diſpatch'd
To ſpread contagion in our hapleſs world,
To him is alien: happy when he hears
That genuine Merit meets her high deſert,
That Worth, obſcure, a gen'rous patron finds;
The well-earn'd plaudits, to ſuch actions due,
His lib'ral mind inſtinctively beſtows.

Avarice, inſatiate as the hungry grave!
With ireful frown, indignant he beholds:
Of all the demons, which offended Heav'n
Permits, vindictive, to chaſtiſe mankind,
This ſurely meaneſt is: Paſſion accurſt!
The ſterile offspring of contracted ſouls;
How poor, how baſe, how very a ſlave is he,
Whoſe joys all centre in deluſive gold!
Who, through the ſilent ſleep-inviting night,
By ſickly glimmer of the ſcant-oil'd lamp,
Counts and recounts the profits of the day,
Then ſtudies, wakeful, how to-morrow may,
By fraud or rapine, aggrandize his ſtore.

The bliſs which Senſibility beſtows,
The fine-form'd feelings of the ſocial ſoul,

The bond of Friendſhip, and the ſweets of Love,
In him lie dormant; nay, entirely dead!
The tender pulſe of ſoft Humanity,
In him, to ſenſeleſs Apathy reverts:—
The outſtretch'd hand of needy Indigence;
The ſupplicating cries of Famine gaunt;
The ſilent anguiſh of the broken heart;
The tear-wet cheek of ſad calamity;
Which, if beheld, might move the ſavage breaſt
Of wild Barbarian, he can coolly paſs!
And, if cloſe followed by ſome wretch indeed,
Who paints, pathetical, his vaſt diſtreſs,
With all the eloquence of prayers—of tears,
A frown, a taunt, nay, what's more cruel ſtill,
A blow, rewards the beggar for his pains!

The golden page of ſcientific Truth,
The path which leads to Wiſdom's ſacred fount,
He cannot trace; with carking mind intent
To toil for riches, which he dare not uſe,
Onward he ſcrambles through a wretched life,
And when the black, nefarious ſcene is o'er,
And Death ſtands ready, with uplifted dart,
Fearful and trembling at the grim arreſt,
In all the horrors of deſpair he dies!

Well, too, the man of quiet conſcience knows
That Pride, fallacious, muſt not be indulged;
Her peccant humors, with corroſive power,
Soon would the peaceful dwelling ſore enflame,
Where modeſt, mild humility reſides.
Thus the fam'd beauty of ſome lovely face,
Whoſe charms, deſpotic, rule unnumber'd hearts,
May, by the cruel peſtilential rage

Of

Of that diſtemper natural to all,
Be rendered odious to th'offended eye.

To ſtep a moment from our main deſign;
Turn we aſide the moralizing eye,
To view yond' wretch, in garb of ſable hue,
And wiſdom-ſeeming wig, hemm'd round, chin-deep,
With parchments huge of dull tautology,
With bonds, conveyances, releaſes, wills,
Ejectments, contracts, mortgages and deeds,
And each appurtenance of black chicane;
Meſſuages, lands, tenements,-he holds
In ſtrong poſſeſſion, whilſt the rightful heir,
Perchance an outcaſt on a friendleſs world,
Broken of ſpirit as of fortune robb'd,
Feels all the pangs of rigid poverty.

Nay, mark him well, methinks his cheek turns pale,
The blood ſeems ſtagnate in his frigid veins,
And ſtrong convulſions ſhake his very frame;
Alas, poor man, 'tis piteous to behold!
What ſad Misfortune can afflict him thus?
A dear-loved wife, a father, brother, ſon,
Some near relation, or, what's nearer ſtill,
Some friend perhaps, this moment breathes his laſt:
O vague conjecture! far miſtaken thought!
Can Love or Friendſhip, amiable pair!
Can the warm glow of chaſte Philantropy,
Direct the impulſe of that bloated heart,
Where every creeping paſſion lurks obſcene?

Dares the mild lamb aſſociate with the wolf;
Or neſts the ſtock-dove with the tyrant hawk?
'Midſt bryars and hemlock dwells the lilly fair:
Or blows the roſe where noxious nettles ſpring?
Far different is the cauſe which moves him thus,
For lo, where peremptory Juſtice comes,
With even balance and deciſive hand,
His actions void or valid to confirm;
And he, O agony of conſcious guilt!
Recoils, unable to ſupport the teſt.

Again, the man who ſtudiouſly purſues
The ſure attainments unto inward peace,
Shudders with horror at the proſpect drear,
The deathful labyrinths of black Revenge!
Leading, with bloody and bewilder'd track,
Down to the abyſs of her infernal den!
Where, ſight terrific! reigns the demon fell,
With poiſoned bowls, and daggers, deadly keen,
Encompaſſed horrid! high her gory flag
She waves triumphant, over carnag'd heaps,
Of wretches, hapleſsly become her prey!

Turn, gentle muſe, from this unpleaſing ſcene,
And ſing thoſe nobler paſſions which inſpire,
And guide unerringly, the virtuous ſoul:
And firſt, behold, pre-eminently great,
The guardian leader of a ſacred band,
Comes matchleſs Truth! O well I know her, by
Her angel form, and robe of pureſt white!
Her op'ning lips, whence golden precepts flow,
Strike dumb the tale of ſly Hypocriſy;
Her fair proportioned lineaments of face,
Her features, open as the mid-day ſun!

Awe

Awe to confuſion every little art,
Each petty ſubterfuge of low deceit.

Juſtice, thou ſovereign good, O ſtill remain,
Still ſtand the mighty pillar of the juſt!
'Gainſt ſtrong oppreſſion fight the widow's cauſe,
And kindly liſten to the orphan's cry!
Yet farther, goddeſs, let thy power be felt;—
From public office pluck the titl'd knave,
Plac'd there by intereſt and by guilt ſuſtain'd,
And raiſe real merit to the vacant ſeat,
Conſpicuouſly high! Corruption there
Shall ply her arts in vain; no party tool,
No pandering venal ſlave, ſhall dare preſent
The gilded charm unto his ſteady hand:
His honeſt ſoul, with patriot rage enflam'd,
Would ſpurn, alike, the giver and the gift.

Full oft, full bravely, hath this favor'd iſle
Of powers confederate foil'd th'united force;
The Gallic inſult oft ſhe hath reveng'd
With mighty proweſs! cool'd the hot choler
Of imperious Spain, and reign'd th'unrivall'd
Empreſs of the ſea! Painful retroſpect!
For how, Britannia, ſhalt thou now uphold
Thy wonted greatneſs, thy victorious arm,
How check the inſolence of open war,
And ſtill ſucceſsful, blunt the hoſtile ſword;
* When foes internal, with more deadly aim,
Direct the poignard nearer to thine heart?

Oh!

* This was written about the year 1779.

Oh! how my ſoul anticipates the day
When ſome brave ſpirit ſhall eſpouſe thy cauſe;
On firm integrity's unſhaken baſe,
(Treading the ſteps which mighty CHATHAM trod)
Ariſe the Saviour of a falling ſtate!
The friend of liberty and public weal;
The zealous patron of commercial arts;—
A monarch's glory and a people's boaſt!
Such, to the verge of time, ſuch is the man,
Shall live immortal on the wing of fame,
Our children's children ſhall rehearſe his deeds,
And teach their children the enraptur'd tale,
Which ſtill, with bright'ning luſtre ſhall deſcend
From age to youth, from reverend ſire to ſon,
Till time, and change, and kingdoms are no more!

Behold, with ſmile affectionately ſweet,
Where mild-ey'd Mercy makes her glad approach,
The higheſt, brighteſt attribute of Heav'n,
Down from the ſkies in bounteous wiſdom ſent
To ſmooth the rigour of ſeverer virtue.

On earth all hail! celeſtial meſſenger!
Great is thy work, thy embaſſy divine!
With lenient hand, to check the falling blow
Of purpos'd vengeance, the rejected pray'r
Of meek repentance, humbl'd to the duſt,
To aid ſucceſsful; to chaſe the bluſhes
From the burning cheek of virtuous ſhame;—
And o'er th'inherent blemiſhes and ſtains,
The weak propenſities of erring man,
To caſt the pitying aſpect of a god!
But lo! with ſober, ſilent ſtep appears
Mercy's ſweet handmaid, ever gentle Pity!

See with what kind, with what condoling grace,
Her arms are folded on her heaving breaſt!
What mixt concernment wanders in her eye!
From which the ſtarting drops each other trace,
In mournful journey, down her palid cheek;
No roſes there, no wanton ſmiles are ſeen;
But oh! more beauteous, far ſurpaſſing thoſe,
Beams the high tinct, the energetic glow,
The warm ſuffuſion from the feeling heart.

That ſigh was wond'rous deep! yet pleaſing too,
With tender uniſon it ſtrikes my ſoul,
And gives a rapture never felt before.
Of ſenſibility how pure the bliſs!
With lonely grief to to join the mutual tear,
The ſympathizing ſigh, and (talk humane!)
To ſhare thoſe ſorrows which we can't remove.

The next, the loveliеſt of this heav'nly train,
Meek Charity demands the poet's ſong,
The warm, the liberal ſong! and cold, indeed,
Muſt be that boſom which diſowns the lay!
Profuſe and welcome as deſcending ſhowers
To thirſty Autumn, or the foſtering dew
To vegetative Spring, her bleſſings fall;—
Chearing the ſickly family of Want,
With healthful comfort and reviving hope.

Thou favor'd ſon of Affluence and Eaſe!
Stop ſhort a moment in the high career
Of diſſipating joy, and caſt thine eye
To where yond' poor, humiliating wretch
Bends to the earth with poverty and age;
His voice ſo weak, the ſupplicating pray'r

Expires, unfiniſh'd, on his fault'ring tongue!
But, ſure, thoſe locks, by four-ſcore circling years
Strew'd venerably grey, make known the reſt;
Thoſe palſied hands, ſcarce able to ſupport,
(Their laſt ſad office) the dependant crutch;
Thoſe feeble footſteps, tott'ring o'er the grave,
Tho' words are mute, moſt eloquently ſpeak!
The native language of Diſtreſs is theirs,
Theirs the ſad tale of wretchedneſs indeed!
Oh! let thy boſom own the powerful ſway,
The genial pulſe of mild Humanity!
Thy means are ample, ample be thy ſoul;
Stretch forth thine hand, thine open, gen'rous hand,
And raiſe the needy ſuppliant with a ſmile!
Nor unrewarded ſhall thy bounty paſs;—
For thee the tears of Gratitude ſhall flow,
The fervent ſigh ſhall riſe to Heav'n for thee,
And draw the richeſt bleſſings on thine head.

O gratulating muſe! thy loftieſt note,
Exulting, raiſe; ſound, ſound the welcome ſtrain;
A ſtrain befitting the untainted ear
Of chaſte Religion! holy Attention,
With uplifted eye, the ſolemn ſymphony
Shall kneeling join! ſee what ſublimity
Around her ſhines! what paſſing lovelineſs!
Winning to reverence and pleaſing awe!
At humble diſtance ſmiling Hope attends
Her even ſteps, whilſt Faith, more confidant,
Upon her ſtrong, right arm ſecurely leans.
A ſacred volume in her hand ſhe bears,
Whence precepts pure, and truths of import high,
Invite benign to never-ending bliſs;

Point

Point the unerring road to God himſelf,
And ope' the portals to eternal day!

Truth, Juſtice, Mercy, Charity divine,
But chiefly thou, Religion, friendly moſt,
Theſe are the motives, theſe the certain means
Which lead to immortality and peace:
Theſe o'er the aching heart, ſhall kindly pour
The ſoft emolient of bleſt content;
In high luxuriance, bounteouſly beſtow.
Thoſe inward joys and permanent delights,
Which from a quiet conſcience ſtill ſhall flow.
My conſtant ſtudy, and my fond purſuit,
My pride, my glory, ever be in theſe!
The ſhort, uncertain ſpace of ebbing life,
Which parts this hour from that of final fate,
O be it ſpent for ſuch a period meet!
May every action uniformly riſe
From manly reaſon and to virtue tend;—
O matchleſs Virtue! Honour! Rectitude!
Or by whatever title thou art known,
Still my companion and my guardian be;
My morning, evening, and my midnight gueſt,
The awful monitor, the god-like Spring,
To guide, impel, and regulate my ſoul!

GRIFFITH

AND

JENNETH.

The ARGUMENT.

A RETROSPECTIVE View of the Iſle of Mona, *at the time of its invaſion by the Romans, under the famous* Agricola, *with a ſhort account of the ſuperſtition of the Druids, and their total reduction to the Roman Sceptre—Deſcription of the cottage of an ancient Pair, who have an only daughter, innocent, young, and beautiful; and for whom,* Griffith, *a neighbouring youth, entertains a ſtrong, irreſiſtible paſſion—His declaration thereof to* Jenneth—*Her anſwers—The old people's conſent preſſed for, and obtained by Griffith—The arrival of the bridal-day—The joy on the occaſion; the various amuſements—The cloſe of the evening—The young couple's walk the following morning. Sight of a ſhip at a diſtance—A boat landing—The ravages committed by the crew—*Griffith's *remonſtrance—Taken forcibly away—*Jenneth's *grief on the occaſion—Her deſpair, lamentation, and fatal cataſtrophe.*

GRIFFITH AND JENNETH.

IN that lone isle, the seat of ancient lore,
Which westward faces fair Hibernia's shore,
Where the rude prospect leads the wondering eye
Down cliffs abrupt, up mountains towering high!
Where erst as grave tractitionaries tell,
Strange things were done by charm and potent spell;
Where to the harp, with skill harmonic strung,
Mysterious Druids lofty numbers sung;
And, oft, the blessing of the gods t'implore,
Their horrid altars smoaked with human gore!
Mistaken ardour, in religion's cause,
Which blindly keeping, breaks her chiefest laws.
In oral rites and superstitions read,
In monkish charms and incantations dread,
Foes to the light of Reason's opening ray,
Long, undisturbed, these rigid zealots lay.

'Till fam'd *Agricola* advent'rous came,
Spreading the terrors of the Roman name,
Through *Mona*'s Iſle with ſpeedy conqueſt ran,
And finiſh'd what *Seutonius* but began:
In vain to Heav'n, with deprecating cries,
The kneeling Druid turn'd his ſwimming eyes;
The bard, effectleſs, pour'd his loudeſt ſtrain;
Th'expiring wretch was ſacrificed in vain;
Prieſts, Druids, Bards, reluctant, met their doom,
And bow'd the vaſſals of victorious Rome.

Faſt by the banks of *Menai*'s limpid tide,
Where Art and Nature ruſtic ſway divide,
Unknown, unknowing in this world of care,
There dwelt an aged, but an happy pair,
Free from the follies which mankind engage,
One only daughter bleſt their drooping age;
And though the damſel was of low degree,
Few high-born ladies you might fairer ſee;
And though the muſe may countleſs beauties trace
In Daphne's, Chloe's, and Dorinda's face.

Yet theſe with *Jenneth* may not hold compare,
For truſt me *Jenneth* was more paſſing fair;
And long the maid had neighbouring *Griffith* ey'd
With fervent love, but ſtill in ſecret ſigh'd,
Oft had eſſay'd, yet check'd by modeſt fear,
To own thoſe feelings ſhe might wiſh to hear.

It chanced one evening of a ſummer's day,
As *Griffith* bent his lonely, penſive way
Adown the ſloping of a verdant hill,
Whoſe foot was water'd by a winding rill,

He

He saw fair *Jenneth*, in the silent vale,
Homeward returning with her loaden pail,
And at each step as he approach'd the maid,
Invok'd his utmost courage to his aid,
Resolv'd the mighty secret to impart,
And ease the anguish of his lab'ring heart.

They met, they paused, as if one soul inspir'd
The mutual impulse which their bosoms fir'd;
Oft' he essayed, but on his faultering tongue
Th'imperfect accents in confusion hung.

Attempted oft', but still as oft' suppress,
The purpos'd tale recoil'd upon his breast:
At length, collecting all at once the man,
With decent boldness, thus the youth began:

Yond' setting Sun, who o'er our happy isle,
Casts the last glories of his parting smile,
To wide creation gives not more delight,
Than *Jenneth*'s beauties give my ravish'd sight:
I've heard that diamonds are most precious things,
And proudly sparkle in the crowns of Kings,
But how might Kings their brightest gems despise,
If they beheld my *Jenneth*'s brighter eyes?
When at *Carnarvon*, for I there have been,
The ladies gay in rich apparel seen,
Then have I spoken to myself these words,
'Tis true, indeed, "fine feathers make fine birds,"
But how much finer, would I sigh and say,
Was lovely *Jenneth* last Saint *David*'s day!

Our Curate, who can read the Bible through,
Can preach long sermons, aye, and make them too,

On Sunday, oft, ſurprizing things will tell
Of beauteous angels, which in Heav'n dwell.

Yet, then, methinks, tho' it a ſin may be,
Thoſe angels *Jenneth*, are leſs fair than thee!

'Tis true, O *Griffith!* thou haſt ſpoken more,
Than man to *Jenneth* ever ſpake before;
But ſilly maidens oft', too oft' believe,
As often ſtill do cruel men deceive:
That morn' which riſes moſt ſerenely gay,
May be ſucceeded by a rainy day;
So may the flatt'ring vows which you impart,
But ſcreen the blackneſs of a faithleſs heart.

Now, by thoſe lips, whoſe kiſſes muſt exceed
The boaſted ſweetneſs of our favorite mead;
Thoſe teeth far whiter than December ſnow,
New-dropt from Heav'n on lofty *Snowdon's* brow;
Had I ten thouſand ſheep, ten thouſand kine,
Were theſe vaſt hills and fertile vallies mine,
My pride, my pleaſure, it would be to call
The charming *Jenneth* miſtreſs of them all;
Nor would, even theſe, without her preſence, be
The ſmalleſt treaſure or delight to me.

Oft' have my parents warned me to avoid
The dangerous arts of ſubtle men employ'd;
Of maids told mournful tales! how many a one,
By treach'rous lovers, has been quite undone!—
Should you prove ſuch, then is my certain lot,
To be betray'd, neglected and forgot;
Should you——

O *Jenneth!*

O *Jenneth!* by whatever's dear,
Even by thyſelf, I moſt devoutly ſwear,
Not firmer, ſafer to the raging ſea
Yond' rock is fixed, than I am bound to thee!

True you may be, and in your boſom bear
An ardent paſſion and a ſoul ſincere,
Of Fraud or Flattery you may harbour none,
Whilſt Truth and Virtue bind you unto one;
This all is poſſible, nor can I leſs
Than thus, in juſtice to your ſex, confeſs,
Happy the woman, who, for life, ſhall prove
The ſweet alliance of ſo bleſt a love;
For me, thoſe feelings, which I would reveal,
My maiden ſcruples warn me to conceal,
Elſe might I juſtly boaſt, as well as you,
Of thoughts as tender, of a heart as true.—

A heart—but, oh! it boots not me to tell,
Can prove as conſtant, and can love as well!
The mounting bluſhes, as ſhe ceas'd to ſpeak,
Higher and higher ting'd her glowing cheek.
Griffith, enraptur'd, to his faithful breaſt
The half-inclining, baſhful maiden preſt,
Gaz'd with high tranſport on her beauteous face,
And locked the fair one in his fond embrace;
And, with th' exchange of every eager kiſs,
Received and gave unutterable bliſs!
Sweet happy union! perfect joy, unknown
To all, but thoſe who love for love alone.

But now the Sun, declining to the weſt,
Warn'd the fond couple of their wonted reſt:

Griffith,

Griffith, good night, the gentle maiden cried;
Good night, my love, the happy youth replied,
Sweet fly thy ſlumbers, from diſtraction free,
And mine, O may they be employed on thee!

As he, who having muſtered up his ſtore,
With fond ideas of being no longer poor,
Hoping to him the lucky chance may fall,
Hath in the Lottery riſk'd his little all;
His brain bewilder'd with the golden ſcheme,
His daily topic and his nightly dream,
Stretch'd on his bed, his active ſpirit flies,
He ſeems to liſten to the coming prize,
He ſeems to buſtle in the crowded hall,
Expecting, waiting for the happy call,
Eager, impatient, for the joyful ſounds
Which name him Lord of twenty thouſand pounds!
But ere alas! kind Fortune he can thank,
The fickle goddeſs loudly ſcreeches—blank!
Blank!—cruel fate!—the poor advent'rer cries,
And blank—blank—blank!—the echoing hall replies;
So reſted Griffith: the complying fair
Now kindly ſeems her paſſion to declare,
Melts on his boſom, and in whiſpering ſtrain,
Makes tender promiſe to relieve his pain;
Vows, in her heart no other wiſhes ſhare,
That Love and *Griffith* reign unrivall'd there.

Again, deluſive Hope! he ſeems to ſee
Some favor'd rival more careſs'd than he;
Hears all the promiſes, to him ſhe ſwore,
Fondly repeated, with ten thouſand more;
Thus happy, wretched, well and ill by turns,
With various paſſions all his boſom burns;

In

In love, this moment, he's ſupremely bleſt,
With jealous frenzy he's the next poſſeſt.
So on his reſtleſs pillow, Griffith lay,
'Till the grey opening of aſcending day;
'Till re-aſſuming reaſon put to flight
The wild, fantaſtic viſion of the night.

Soon as the Sun, in regal ſplendor dreſt,
Diſplay'd his glories in the golden eaſt.
Wing'd with impatience, eager *Griffith* hied
To the lone cottage on the mountain's ſide;
There his whole ſtock of powerful rhet'ric ſpent,
With the old couple for their kind conſent;
With love-prompt arguments he fondly preſt
The ſpeedy moment that ſhould make him bleſt;
Urg'd all his paſſion, and deſired that they
For the wiſhed union would appoint a day.

To whom the venerable man replied,
Thy worth, thy virtue, cannot be denied;
For us, too, let this tender truth be known,—
Our Daughter's welfare ever is our own;
Nurtur'd beneath our fond paternal care,
Hard is the taſk this little lamb to ſpare,
Our ſtay, our help, our treaſure! which we hold
More dear, more precious than unnumber'd gold;
Yet will we not, with harſh denial thwart
The partial dictates of her youthful heart;
If ſhe approves thee, we her hand reſign,
Our ſon be thou, our only *Jenneth* thine:
With coy reluctance ſhe awhile forbore
The declaration ſhe had made before,
But well the purpoſe, which employed her breaſt,
Her looks with ſilent eloquence expreſt.

The

The day arrived, that laſting knot was tied,
Which time nor accident can ne'er divide:
Had frozen *Zeno* but beheld the maid,
In vain his theſis had been then eſſayed.

His boaſted doctrine had in vain been tried,
For *Zeno*'s feelings had ſubdued his pride:
For with the bluſh of innocence arrayed,
Ten thouſand charms the lovely girl diſplay'd,
Witleſs of all;—without diſguiſe or art,
Capricious Faſhion had in her no part;
By that juſt hand of faultleſs Nature dreſt,
Which tuneful THOMSON hath ſo well expreſt.
And on that day the ruſtic throng was ſeen
In jolly couples, trooping o'er the green;
The clang'rous harp its ſprightlieſt notes eſſay'd;
With topping ſkill the ſightleſs fidler played:
The *Duſty Miller* failed not to appear,
And *Nancy Dawſon* was no ſtranger there;
Poor *Jack's Alive* was footed quite to death,
And *Daniel Cooper* buſtl'd out of breath;
Nor was there lack of either toe or heel,
In the trim hornpipe or the giddy reel.
There, too, full bumpers of ſtrong nut-brown beer
They tippl'd largely with their homely cheer.

Oft' were their diſhes fill'd, oft' empti'd clean;
With many a laugh and many a joke between;
Fam'd lengthy ditties were in chorus ſung,
To pleaſe the aged, to inſpire the young,
And ſtories memorable, heard and told,
Of the dire influence of pernicious gold;
How many a damſel had been doomed for life,
A ſlighted miſtreſs, or a wretched wife;

But

But all pronounced, with argumentive face,
The thing quite different in the preſent caſe,
Where love alone, in roſy bands had tied
The happy bridegroom, and the lovely bride.
Good cheer and bridal merriment being paſt,
For where's the pleaſure that will always laſt?
And the ſhort evening wearing faſt away,
Chid the dull ruſtics for their tedious ſtay;
Oft', at the clock, had anxious GRIFFITH thrown
A look, whoſe meaning could not miſs being known,
Obſerved how hurtful ſitting late might prove;—
Crafty *memento*, it was time to move;
His meaning well the riſing goſſips knew,
And one by one, with parting thanks, withdrew.

And now,—but Oh! my gentle muſe, forbear
The ſlighteſt inſult to the modeſt ear,
Nor, with unſeemly, looſe deſcription, ſeek
To raiſe a bluſh upon the virgin's cheek;—
No ear to hear, no prying eye to ſee,
The happy couple are entirely free;
To us belongs the myſtic ſcene to cloſe,
With fervent wiſhes for their ſweet repoſe.

The following day, as on the even ſtrand,
Where the long billow rolls the yellow ſand,
Join'd arm in arm, and drown'd in tender talk,
The rural couple took their early walk,
Near to the land, in ſtately ſhow, they ſpied
A lofty bark upon the billows ride;
The winds were loſt; around the idle maſt,
In pendant folds, the uſeleſs ſails were caſt;
The boat, now hoiſted in the tackles hung,
Now o'er the ſide with nimble ſpeed was ſlung,

To which deſcending, with immediate haſte,
Four of the crew were in a moment plac'd;
With even hand they ply the ſteady oar,
And ſoon, too ſoon, attain the peaceful ſhore.

As the fierce wolf, in Lybian regions bred,
By mighty ſpoil and daily carnage fed,
Prowls thro' the deſert, and, as hunger calls,
On man or beaſt, without diſtinction falls;
E'en ſo the crew, well practiced in their trade,
What ſuited beſt, was to their boat convey'd:
The Garden neat, in ſightly faſhion dreſt,
Of all its beauties they at once diveſt,
With cruel rapine break and trample o'er
The flowers, the ſhrubs, the kitchen's uſeful ſtore;
The faithful dog in wanton paſtime ſlay;
The harmleſs fowls become an eaſy prey:
Four ſheep, two lambs, beneath their fury bled,
The reſt affrighted to the mountain fled.
GRIFFITH, at diſtance, who, awhile, ſurveyed
The dreadful havock the rude ſpoilers made,
To the ſad ſcene of deſolation hied,
And thus with voice expoſtulating cried;
Say, why is this? why do I thus behold
My garden pillaged, robb'd my little fold?
Ravage and death my peaceful cot ſurround;
My ſheep, my lambs, laid breathleſs on the ground?

To whom the foremoſt of the ruffian band,
The knife ſtill reeking in his bloody hand;
Why things are thus, and how they thus befel,
Time nor our will permits us now to tell;
But know thou this, in yonder gallant ſhip,
With us, gay meſmate, thou muſt take a trip;

Employ

Employ more fit to plow the mighty deep,
Than here to woo and watch your wand'ring ſheep;
Of this ſame miſtreſs, wife, whate'er ſhe be,
Take inſtant leave, for you muſt off to ſea;
Kiſs and farewel, be briſk, diſpatch it ſtraight;
The breeze invites us, and our comrades wait.

Alas! what image or what words can ſhew,
The heighten'd agony of JENNETH's woe;
Round GRIFFITH's neck with cloſe embrace ſhe hung,
And thus with ſupplicating voice begun:
Oh yet! a while, ye cruel men, forbear;
My father, brother, lover, huſband ſpare!
But if to ſlavery he's indeed aſſigned,
Let wretched JENNETH not be left behind;
With him I'll bear in every toil a part,
With hands leſs ſtrong, but with as firm an heart;
In the hot battle face the threat'ning foe;
Through hardſhips, perils, tempeſts, ſhipwrecks go;
Patient of labour, unappalled by fear,
What power can hurt me when my Griffith's near?
But O! what art can ever lull to reſt,
Of him depriv'd, this tumult in my breaſt?
Are ye not men, and can ye bear to preſs,
Grief ſtill on grief, diſtreſs upon diſtreſs?
Are ye not men, and can your ſouls refuſe
To liſt' to pity when a woman ſues?
Alas, poor ſupplicant! her eyes around
She caſt for help, but none was to be found!

The ſurly maſter of the lawleſs crew,
Who never yet relenting mercy knew,
With brutal rage the fair complainer ſmote.
And dragged her huſband to the fatal boat.

And, now, with noiſy buſtle, they unbind
Their op'ning canvas to the favouring wind;
Jenneth, in vain, with maddening fury raves,
In vain ſhe rages to the rocks and waves;
Leſs and yet leſs the parting veſſel ſhows,
And now, for ever, out of ſight ſhe goes!

The daring hawk, when hunger preſſes hard,
Sweeps in low circles round the farmer's yard;
With eye ſagacious marks the feathered brood,
And darts, unfailing, on his deſtined food:
In vain th'enraged peaſants breathleſs run,
In vain make ready the revengeful gun;
Aloft in air, he bears his eaſy prey,
And to the diſtant mountains wings his way:
So hapleſs *Griffith*, they, in triumph, bore
A mournful captive from his native ſhore!

Ye *Melmoths! Goldſmiths! Sternes!* where'er ye be,
Children of Godlike ſenſibility!
If ever grief deſerved a ſigh, a tear,
O ſtay, and drop the tender tribute here!
Nor wilt thou *Hartwell*, if I deem aright,
Though ſimply ſung, this tale of ſorrow ſlight;
The muſe's friend thou art, and well I know,
Haſt ſtill a feeling for another's woe;
Haſt ſtill a feeling, and didſt never yet,
The tie of ſoft Benevolence forget;
Didſt never turn when lowly Want was near,
Didſt never ſhun the wretches tale to hear;
Didſt never linger, at thy lib'ral door,
When ſtood the ſtranger, and when ſued the poor.

High

High on a rock, above the rolling flood,
Child of Deſpair, the wretched *Jenneth* ſtood:
Thoſe eyes where late unnumber'd graces ſmil'd,
Now ſwoln with weeping, with diſtraction wild,
Glared fierce and horrid! to the boiſt'rous wind
Her unbound treſſes rudely were reſigned;
Her lovely cheeks with frantic rage ſhe tore,
And marked her boſom with a ſtream of gore.
Oh yet, ſhe cried, ye robbers yet reſtore,
My love, my Griffith to his native ſhore!
Elſe bear, thou ſea, with rapid current, bear
My floating corſe the fatal veſſel near;
Show him the ſilent, ſolemn proof, that I
Lived but for him, and for him dared to die!
And yet not ſo, why ſhould I wiſh to fright
His tender nature with ſo foul a ſight?

Rather, ye ſpirits (if there ſpirits be)
Which wander nightly o'er the trackleſs ſea,
Light on the paſſing breeze, in pity bear
The name of *Jenneth* to his liſt'ning ear;
And ſay, but O, it muſt be ſoftly ſaid!
Thy wife, thy Jenneth ſleeps among the dead:
This ſaid, O horrid! down the rugged ſteep,
With deſp'rate bound, ſhe plung'd into the deep
Thrice ſhe emerged above the yielding wave,
Then ſunk, for ever, in her wat'ry grave.

THE

THE

DEPENDANT.

IN THE STYLE OF

SPENSER.

Eliza Bates
wrote this in Holyhead
to make her remember
this parlour that with
she wrote this in
whil her brother
and sister and Miss
Gordon and Constantia
and William Daughtrin
Dublin town
will be in soon
I hope I shall
& adieu

THE

DEPENDANT.

AH, luckleſs thou! whom ſad diſtreſs ordains
On ſome proud donor humbly to depend;
Many I ween, and cruel are the pains,
Which thee, poor wight! muſt every hour attend:
Rarely the wretched finds a feeling friend,
Frail Fortune's loſs who kindly will ſupply,
Who in the ſtorms of life his hand will lend,
Wipe off the tear from ſad Misfortune's eye,
And ward the falling blow of rude Calamity!

Certes, thou muſt thy wary conduct ſhape
With conſtant care, and circumſpection due;
No word, unguarded, muſt thy lips eſcape,
Leſt thou too late thine indiſcretion rue,
And ſoon-raiſed anger thee long time purſue!
Nay, of each look do thou take ſpecial care;
A frown or ſmile miſplaced, may thee undo;—
He who on ice doth walk hath need beware;—
A broken limb, I ween, is but of ſlow repair.

Hard, wretched caitiff! is the double part,
Which thou perforce muſt to occaſion ſuit;
Oft muſt thy tongue, full ſore, belye thine heart,
And Falſehood ſpeak, whilſt ſimple Truth is mute:
For madneſs 'twere thy patron to confute,
On matter e'er ſo frivolous or ſmall;
Ill would he brook, I wis, thy bold diſpute,
But on thine head let muckle vengeance fall,
To work thee foul miſhap and everlaſting thrall.

In gloſſing words thou muſt well-practiſed be,
(To theſe attention ſeldom is denied)
To puff the ſails of bloated Vanity,
And pay the large demand to lordly Pride!
Tho' he, in ſemblance, may thy flattery chide,
Nathleſs he will the ſoothing tale reward;—
Deceit oft gains what is to truth denied;
Which many a ſimple wight may think yhard,
But ſuch opinions now few chuſing to regard!

Obſerve each motion of his wavering will,
As thou his goodly favor hop'ſt to feel,
Even as his ſhadow be thou conſtant ſtill,
Supple as ſpaniel at his maſter's heel;
This may, no doubt, promote thy fortune's weal,
At tiny office do not ſtop nor ſtay,
But from each look his ſilent meaning ſteal;
And ere he can command do thou obey
Which, if I deem aright, to pleaſen is the way.

Fail not his freaks and whimſies to admire,
To his caprice thy better ſenſe reſign;
Should he his hand crom in the burning fire,
Stick not as warmly to diſpoſe of thine!

If

If he to water gives the name of wine,
And tipples largely to ſome favorite fair,
Vowing 'tis preſt from Bacchus' choiceſt vine,
Then muſt thou ſmack thy lips, and drink and ſwear,
Ne Port, ne rich Champaigne, with it may hold
compare!

Thine own, his darling paſſions, thou muſt make;
No matter of how baſe how vile degree,
Is he an Atheiſt, an abandoned rake?
A rake, an Atheiſt, thou muſt likewiſe be;
And ſtep by ſtep, retrace his infamy.
Doth he in cruel actions take delight?
From ſacred Right and Juſtice, wreckleſs flee?
Withouten ſhame depreſs the puny wight?
The widow's cauſe forego, the weeping orphan ſlight?
As eye libidinous directs the way,
When wine and brutal appetency lead,
Doth he by force ſome gentle maid bewray,
Though honor threaten, and tho' virtue plead?
Even here thy plaudit muſt approve the deed;
Even here, dependant! thou muſt keep in view
Thy great original! nor fear proceed:
Nay, ſhould he crimes more impious yet purſue,
Not only muſt thou praiſe, but eke muſt practiſe too,

His virtues, but of theſe no mickle ſhare,
Belike, incumbereth thy patron's breaſt,
Thou muſt extol as paſſing great and rare;
Though they mere worthleſs tinſel be, at beſt,
And of no grain of ſterling ore poſſeſt,
Ma'hap he'll pluck, from foul Corruption's ſtye,
Some needy drab, whom want and filth infeſt;

Some bankrupt gameſter's purſe anew ſupply;
But gripe full cloſe his hand at virtuous Poverty!

Ah! wretched wight! far happier were thy lot,
By daily toil to earn thine honeſt bread,
And, independent, in the pooreſt cot,
At night to reſt thy ſolitary head;
There ſhould no cares approach thine humble bed,
No buſy thoughts their doleful vigils keep;
But ſweet Content, and eaſe, and peace, inſtead,
Each paſt miſchance in golden viſion ſteep,
And rock remembrance in th'oblivious arms of ſleep.

At morn' upriſing with the chearful ſun,
Repoſed thy limbs, thy ſpirits bland and free,
Jocund with him thy daily courſe to run,
Whilſt health, y'yoked to ſmiling induſtry,
Shall fill thine heart with many an hour of glee;
O, bleſt employ! thy rural work to tend;
To till, to ſow, to plant the fruitful tree,
Better I wot, than meanly thus depend
On ſome proud wealthy lord, thy low eſtate to mend.

As at th'approach of nauſeous draught or pill,
The ſickly ſtomach kecks and heaves full ſore,
Submitting rather to a little ill,
Than ſwallowing that which mote ingender more,
So would I ſooner truſt, though e'er ſo poor,
Mine own endeavours for mine own ſupport,
Than cringing, enter at the great man's door,
And crouchen low and petty favors court;
For of all meanneſs, Certes, this is meaneſt ſort!

The world, I wot, is large enough for all,
  Liberal is Heaven, e'en to mickle waſte,
Thy ſphere contracted, and thy means tho' ſmall,
  Of Fortune's cup thou largely ſtill may'ſt taſte.
  Avoid exceſſes: temperance pure and chaſte,
Far ſweeter pleaſures ſhall more cheaply bring;
  From drunken riot flee with dread and haſte,
And know the joys which from retirement ſpring;
So ſhall no cares thy mind, no pains thy body ſting.

Let thrifty induſtry employ thy time;
  For nothing proſpers with the lazy wight;
Doze not in ſloth, ſo ſhall thy luſty prime
  To ſtooping age bring eaſe and true delight!
  Should ſome fair damſel thy affections ſmite,
Delay not, youth, if ſhe thy ſuit approve,
  Let HYMEN's ſilken chain your hands unite;
For, as ſuperior is the bliſs of love,
As is PARNASSUS' hill all meaner hills above!

Whatever part in life's ſtill ſhifting ſcene,
  Diſpenſing mercy may to me aſſign,
Be it exalted high, or humbly mean,
  Heavens be the order, the ſubmiſſion mine;
  My taſk I take, and will make no repine!
But never, never will I bow and bend,
  With uncapt pate, with fawning flattering whine,
At foot of wealthy Carl, for ſelfiſh end;
For, Certes, viler trade no mortal wight can tend.

THE

THE PARTING SOLDIER

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

PARTING SOLDIER.

A

ELEGIAC POEM.

THE

PARTING SOLDIER.*

IN that bleſt ſeaſon of the fragrant morn',
When health ſalubrious opens all her ſprings,
When the briſk huntſman winds his mellow horn,
And loud the hind his favorite ballad ſings.—

I left my pillow, and through fertile fields,
The muſe inviting, bent my early way,
To breath the ſweetneſs which the morning yields;
To hail the glories of the riſing day.

Chance drew my ſtep into a pleaſant bower,
For love and poeſy a fit retreat,
Where, reared by nature, bloſſomed many a flower,
And many ſhrub of odour paſſing ſweet.

* Written at the commencement of the American war.

On as I muſed, in pleaſing fancy drowned,
A form angelic ſtruck my wondering ſight,
Where blooming Beauty ſeemed by Virtue crowned,
Fair as young *Spring*, as chaſte *Aurora* bright.

Unſeen, unheard, behind the friendly ſhade,
With mantling boughs, from bloſſomed trees o'ergrown,
Secure, I viewed the love-inſpiring maid,
Her form ſymmetric on the green graſs thrown.

Lovely ſhe was, but down her tear-wet cheek,
Faſt rolled the ſorrow from her ſtreaming eye;
Reclined her head, in poſture ſadly meek,
Her boſom heaved by many a grieful ſigh.

So have I ſeen, when ſummer evenings come,
The falling dew-drops preſs the damaſk roſe;
But ſhe more charming, ſofter far her bloom,
Than dew-preſt roſes at the evening's cloſe.

At length, up-turning to the riſing ſun
Her ſwimming eyes, where dwelt expreſſive woe,
Grief ſtopping oft', the weeping fair begun,
In words moſt languiſhingly ſoft and ſlow.

Thou bleſſed orb! thou ſmiling ſource of day!
Whoſe bounteous beams ſurrounding nations cheer,
Why to a wretch refuſe thy gladſome ray;
Why not one glance of pitying comfort here?

Freſh bloom the flowers and ſprightly ſing the birds,
Joy fills the groves, the vallies ring with glee;
Blyth is the ſhepherd, merry to his herds;
And grief and pain reſerved alone for me!

The village virgin whoſe unruffled breaſt
No love invades, no reſtleſs flame inſpires,
Beneath yond' cottage lives ſupremely bleſt;
Her wiſhes few, and temperate her deſires:

For her the morning ſocial pleaſure brings,
For her mild evening breathes her freſh delights;
Eternal rapture in her boſom ſprings;
Peace ſmooths her days, Contentment crowns her nights.

Can I forget that fatal, cruel day,
Which tore my CORIN from theſe vacant arms,
When ſtubborn honor bent his ſpeedy way
To clang'rous battles and to fierce alarms?

Cloſe to his lips my trembling hand he preſt,
Adown his face the liquid torrent ran;
The ſigh, half-ſmothered, 'ſcaped his manly breaſt;
And, lowly proſtrate, thus the youth began:

Oh! ceaſe, my fair, this unavailing woe,
The arm of Juſtice ſhall thy lover ſhield;
I fly to meet, to check the daring foe,
That proudly threatens yonder hoſtile field.

Even now, perhaps, our ſinking ſquadrons fall,
In blood ſuffuſed, deep gaſhed with many a ſcar;
Even now, perhaps, our panting heroes call,
And bid me haſten to the glorious war!

Immortal plaudits lift the ſoldier's name.
Above the praiſe by ſervile ſenates given;
For him, loud ſounding, ſpeaks the trump of fame:
The cauſe of BRITAIN is the cauſe of Heaven!

Shall love detain me in the peaceful ſhade,
Where dreaming ſhepherds pipe their uſeleſs reeds,
Whilſt daring rebels England's rights invade?
Whilſt ſtruggling freedom for her country bleeds?

Shall I whom ſtrength and vigorous ſpirits fire,
Here waſte that ſtrength, thoſe ſpirits ſpend in vain?
Ye grey-hair'd vet'rans to the ſhade retire,
Ruſh forth, ye youths, and brave the rough campaign!

Then ceaſe to grieve, my ever new delight!
I'll back return with all a lover's ſpeed:
But ſhould ſeek to baſely ſhun the fight,
How red would record paint the ſhameful deed!

Here pauſed the youth, here ended with a ſigh;
Methinks I hear, methinks I ſee him now:
Still paint him Fancy, keep him in my eye:
Oh! thought of rapture!—thought of deepeſt woe!

A ſilent

A ſilent tear bedewed his manly face:
I claſped the hero to my laboring breaſt;
Trembling, he left me with a laſt embrace:——
Oh! love!—Oh! Nature!—ſilence think the reſt.

To every bleſſing, every joy adieu!
What joy, what bleſſing, can'ſt thou world beſtow?
How deſert all, how barren is the view;
Sad ſighs and tears, and life conſuming woe.

Thought ſpurring thought, ſtill aggravates the wound:
Paſt rapture!—I'll not think—the effort's vain;
Reſtleſs Reflection leaps Oblivion's mound:—
My love how great! how exquiſite my pains!

Why ſhould the beggar and the wretched live?
How wretched I! my CORIN gone, how poor!
Canſt thou proud Fortune, now, one comfort give?—
No!—Yes!—my ſoldier to my arms reſtore.

Protect him, Heaven, amidſt the death of war!
Hear pitying angels, powers of mercy hear!
O ſcreen his boſom from the vengeful ſcar;—
Unwing the ball and blunt the lifted ſpear!

My grief is heavy as my loſs is ſore;
Yet not to me the cauſe of grief alone;
Alas! poor comfort, which but wounds the more;
I ſigh for thouſands, though I grieve for one.

Hark!

Hark! the poor infant for its parent cry;
The ſable widow for her huſband mourn;
The pale cheeked virgin for her lover ſigh;
Sires, huſbands, lovers, never to return!

Remorſeleſs Death nor name nor perſon heeds;
Too faſt, too ſure his fatal arrows fly:
Alike the valiant with the coward bleeds,
Ranks cruſhing ranks, in horrid ſlaughter lie!

How long to peace ſhall England bid farewel?
Oh! come, bleſt handmaid, from thy realms of light,
Down, curſed ambition, to thy native hell,
Down with thy fiends, to everlaſting night.

THE

THE

COMPLAINT.

THE

COMPLAINT.

FAREWELL, oh! ye hours, which in pleaſure
I've ſpent,
Ye nights of repoſe and ye days of content;
For COLIN is falſe, and I find to my coſt,
Not my lover alone, but my peace I have loſt.
Too well the ſad cauſe of his coldneſs I know,
Too well the ſad ſource whence my ſorrow doth flow;
To PHEBE the fair, he is treacherouſly gone,
And cruelly left me to wander alone.
Oh! PHEBE, beware! nor too fooliſhly truſt
To make him ſincere who to me was unjuſt.

In yond' grove, where the hare-bells and violets
ſpring,
Where the throſtle and goldfinch melodiouſly ſing,
Firſt COLIN his treacherous love did impart,
And wilily wound himſelf into my heart.
With rapture I liſtened whenever he ſung,
So endearingly ſweet fell the words from his tongue:

And the flatterer ſwore that my cheeks paſs'd the
bloom
Of the opening roſe, and my breath its perfume;
Then patting my neck, he would often declare,
That the ſnow drop and lilly were never ſo fair;
And vowed that the diamond no longer might vie
With the ſparkling brightneſs that glanced from mine
eye;
That my lips were the coral ſweet moiſtened with dew,
And I fondly believed all he told me was true;
And I fondly believed that the youth was ſincere;
So vaſt was my love and ſo little my fear.

Smile on, happy PHEBE! awhile thou may'ſt know
Each love-giving joy that from COLIN can flow;
But, remember, gay rival! thou never muſt prove
The mutual ſweets of a long-laſting love.
What though in thy form all the graces combine,
I too had my charms not inferior to thine;
What though in thine eye liquid ſweetneſs appears,
Mine too were as brilliant ere dimmed by theſe tears;
My mein full as gentle, my treſſes as fine,
And, truſt me, my kiſſes as charming as thine!
Then think not, fond PHEBE, the ſhepherd will be
Long conſtant to you, who was faithleſs to me.

At our laſt village wake (I ſhall never forget!)
When the lads and the laſſes together were met;
When the laces and ribbons right gaily were ſeen;
Diſplayed in each booth, which aroſe on the green,
Then kind was my COLIN, and every thing there,
The round juicy orange and mellow-cheeked pear,
The peach and the nect'rine he bought for my ſake,
And ſweet paſſed the time at our laſt village wake.

At

At the dawn or the eve, when we oftentimes ſtrayed
Through the freſh landſcaped meadow, or love-
whiſpering ſhade,
My COLIN would cull me the flowers moſt ſweet,
And kneeling preſent the gay gift at my feet;
Or curiouſly braid them in wreaths for my hair,
And beg for his ſake I the trifle would wear;
And beg for his trouble one innocent kiſs,
Had I granted him two it were ſure not amiſs;
For I fondly believed that the youth was ſincere,
So great was my love, and ſo little my fear!
And oft' as we walked on the banks by the ſtream,
He'd ſing his ſoft ſonnet, and I was the theme.
But why thus recount, ſince I know 'tis in vain,
Thoſe pleaſures I've felt, but muſt ne'er feel again?

Inſtruct me ye virgins; ſay, what ſhall I do?
Were you in my caſe, I would counſel for you;
Had you the ſad reaſon that I have for grief,
Methinks, I could give you ſome little relief;
Then tell me, oh! where from deſpair ſhall I run?
For COLIN is falſe, and I fear I'm undone.

TO

Mr. WILLIAM HARTWEL,

ON HIS

TWO INIMITABLE LANDSCAPES,

REPRESENTING THE

RISING AND SETTING SUN.

TO

MR. WILLIAM HARTWELL,

On his two inimitable Landſcapes, *repreſenting the* Riſing *and* Setting Sun.*

TIME after time, and day ſucceeding day,
With pleaſing wonder I your works ſurvey;
Yet every time, to mine aſtoniſhed eyes,
Grace grows on grace, on beauties beauties riſe!
So juſt, ſo ſtriking is each touch you give,
The animated *landſcape* ſeems to live!
Here, full in front, the tow'ring trees ariſe,
Whilſt far-off mountains melt into the ſkies!
Here rugged rocks hang o'er the ſullen deep;
There glittering ſpires through length'ning viſtas peep, to
Down the ſteep cliff the rapid torrent foams,
Thence ſmoothly ſtealing, through the valley roams;
Th'obedient willows o'er its ſurface bow,
And ſeem to court the lengthen'd ſhade below.

* Written in the year 1782.

Up

Up ſtart the groves, the flowery lawn is ſpread;
The tower majeſtic rears his reverend head!
Reſplendent *Sol*, behind the hill unfolds
His radiant beams, and tips the clouds with gold!
The clouds obedient, blend at thy command,
And richly indicate a maſter's hand.

On, happy youth! the noble track purſue;
Perfection's plaudit is reſerved for you:—
Yet hold, a moment, if you're not too nice,
And take this ſmattering of a friend's advice:
Though great your worth, a trifle turns the ſcale,
If once conceit and vanity prevail.—
Fear to rely on Fancy's vagrant flight,
She'll tempt thy genius to a dangerous height;
If once your judgment blindly gives her way,
The giddy goddeſs knows not where to ſtay;
Onwards ſhe preſſes, without guide or gueſs,
And leaves you toiling in a wilderneſs.
Firſt copy Nature, and by her abide:
A juſt, impartial, never-erring guide.

Avoid like peſtilence, the fawning crew
Who daub with flattery whatſoe'er you do,
Who faults and beauties ignorantly praiſe
And bind your temples with ignoble bays;
Who view, with extacy, each *living touch:*
One honeſt man is worth ten thouſand ſuch!

Hold ever ſacred that unbiaſſed friend
Who dares to cenſure, and who will commend;
On whoſe juſt judgment, and diſcerning eye,
With perfect ſafety you may ſtill rely.

Health

Health to my friend! may every ſocial bliſs,
May every bleſſing, every joy be his!
Oh! may no diſcord, no diſtracting ſtrife,
Shade the calm proſpect of thy future life;
No grief, no ſorrow, in thy breaſt be found;
No care to threaten, nor no pang to wound.

'Tis no baſe flattery which theſe lines indites;
Your worth inſpires me, and my friendſhip writes.

Nor pride, nor envy prompts thy bard to ſing;
Warm from my heart the ready numbers ſpring.
Then frown not, Hartwel! nor with ſcorn refuſe
The zealous breathings of an ardent muſe;
Who knows thy merit, and is proud to claim
This firſt—poor tribute to thy riſing name.

SHAKESPEARE's SEVEN STAGES

OF

MAN's LIFE.

SHAKESPEARE's SEVEN STAGES

OR

MAN's LIFE.

I.

GREAT SHAKESPEARE has told us this
world is a ſtage,
And all of us are but mere players,
From innocent childhood to hobbling old age,
From the rattle to crutches and prayers.

II.

Firſt the poor puling Infant, with tenderneſs dreſt,
In the Nurſe's protection we ſee,
Or lull'd to repoſe on its mother's ſoft breaſt
Or dandled to reſt on her knee.

III.

III.

Then the play-loving School-boy, with fair morning face,
Ruddy health and content in his look,
Loit'ring liſtleſs along, at a ſnail-creeping pace,
To thoſe bugbears, his maſter and book!

IV.

Next the Lover, all languiſhment, paſſion and ſighs,
Writing rhymes in his miſtreſs's praiſe;
With cheek pale and hollow, and tear-ſtarting eyes,
Turns to midnight the morn' of his days.

V.

Then comes the briſk Soldier, high-mettl'd and bold,
With a bluſtering oath in each breath,
More anxious for honor than miſers for gold,
And braving both danger and death.

VI.

Then round-belly'd Juſtice, deep-learn'd in the laws,
With an eye ſending fear to each heart,
Right pompouſly ſtupid, deals out his wiſe laws;
And thus plays the Juſtice his part.

VII.

And now the ſcene ſhifts to the lean Pantaloon;
See his eyes! hark his voice! what decay!
With a ſigh he looks back to the far-diſtant noon,
With a ſigh views the eve of his day!

VIII.

The laſt ſcene of all, which concludes this ſtrange tale,
Is—returning from whence we began.
Where all lies forgot in Oblivion's deep vale;
And thus ends, O mortals! our ſpan.

FROM

NORTH CAROLINA,

1785.

THESE lines, ye favoring gales, convey
To *Holyhead*, and tell
My wife and each enquiring friend,
That I'm alive and well:

That after many a tireſome day,
And many a ſleepleſs night,
Safe on this fair reviving land,
I undiſturbed can write.

And now, methinks, you're all agog,
To know where I have been,
And, ſince I left old *Mona*'s Iſle,
What I have heard and ſeen.

But every trifle to relate,
There ſurely is no need,
'Twould tire my patience out to write,
And yours, I trow, to read.

Tedious and long our paſſage was,
And if I right divine,
You had us ſnugly put on ſhore
Before we reached the Line. †

Truſt me, you folks at *Holyhead*,
Have but a diſtant notion
Of what a ſerious length and breadth
Is that *Atlantic Ocean!*

Who is the man would be ſo mad
As to affirm and ſay,
Adieu, my friends, my deſtined port
I'll gain on ſuch a day?

Alas! who on the lawleſs main,
The furious ſtorm can bind;
Or check the bold deſpotic wave,
Or turn the adverſe wind?

But let the wind blow as it would,
And fair or foul the weather,
We moſtly in good humour were,
And happy all together!

And

† Meaning half-paſſage, which is termed by ſeamen, on foreign voyages, croſſing the Line.

And on that night, with *Jack* moſt dear,*
To wives, to ſweethearts true,
The brimming votive glaſs was filled
To friendſhip, love and *you!*

My tedious abſence then to chide,
You ſurely have no right,
Since once, at leaſt, in every week,
I ſpent with you a night.

When ſerious thoughts, not ſad, prevailed,
For ſuch, ſometimes, I had,
(But great the difference is, I ween,
'Twixt ſerious thoughts and ſad.)

Then would I take my ſocial pipe,
What better could I do?
And whiff, by turns, the grateful herb,
And think, by turns, on you:

On you, and on my infant tribe
Turn Fancy's vagrant eye,
And wipe, unſeen, the ſilent tear,
And heave the penſive ſigh!

The ſilent tear, the penſive ſigh,
(Yes, ſmile ye thoughtleſs gay)
At ſtrong impulſive Nature's call,
Will force their powerful way.

* Saturday night.

Right fairly and full well have I,
At ſea, been toſſed and jumbled,
And oft have from my reſtleſs cot
Been moſt completely tumbled.

O'er cheſts, o'er tables, lockers roll'd,
Till I could roll no lower,
Then coolly meaſured out my length
Upon the cabin floor!

Whilſt you, on *terra firma*, ſafe,
And ſtrangers to ſuch riot,
Have got your ſuppers, locked your doors,
And ſlipt to bed in quiet!

Yet, think not, becauſe long our voyage,
That ſcanty was our ſtore;
No, by troth, I lived as well
As e'er I lived on ſhore!

With ſickneſs I was little vexed;
The ſharp *Neptunian* breeze,
With pickled pork, or nobler beef,
Right charmingly agrees!

And though in cooking great's your ſkill,
I dare that ſkill defy;
You can't with all your art produce
A proper good *ſea pye*.

None

None of your whipt-up trifles, ma'am,
All Frenchified and vain,
But, as the gueſt of QUIN exclaimed,
"Here's cut and come again!"

With all your iſland's choiceſt ſtore,
Your *mutton*, boiled or roaſt,
A *dolphin* jumping from the ſea
You never yet could boaſt!

Which when ragou'd by ſeaman's hand,
Becomes ſo rare a treat,
The niceſt lady in the land,
Might ſmack her lips and eat!

And though ſuch ſtore of fiſh you have,
And with them make ſuch fuſs;
With you they're hawked from door to door,
They flew aboard with us!

Now, without doubt, you'll ſtare and cry,
(And natural the remark)
Keen muſt that ſtomach be, indeed,
Which dares attack a *ſhark*!

And yet, with truth, I may pronounce,
(A lie's not worth repeating)
A ſhark, *ſecundum artem*, dreſt,
Moſt excellent good eating!

Although

Although of *Unſworth*'s boaſted ale,
We had not much to drink,
Famed *Calvert*'s porter, mantling high,
Was full as good I think.

And better too; and you muſt own
This obſervation true;—
Whilſt us you toaſted in ſmall beer,*
We tippled ſtrong to you.

Though with a glaſs of punch, ſometimes,
Your ſpirits you may jog,
Shall ſuch a mixture dare to vie
With honeſt, ſparkling *grog?*

Upon the whole, you muſt allow,
At leaſt unto my thinking,
That we th'advantage greatly had,
In eating and in drinking.

En paſſant, ladies, *you* muſt know,
That though we were at ſea,
The morning ſerved our coffee up,
The afternoon our tea.

No cows, indeed, no milkmaids kind,
Dwell in the *weſtern ſtream*;
What then? a glaſs of brandy ſerves
Inſtead of milder cream!

If

* Liverpool.

If then, through crafty thievish cat,
Or *Betty* indiscreet,
You at a nonplus should be found
When evening gossips meet.——

Attend, ye fair, to my advice;
(Advice without a fee)
To *Cogniac* repair, and say,
'Tis thus they do at sea.

A substitute, by no means bad:——
But needless 'tis to try,
More strongly to enforce a truth
You know as well as I!

Of men, 'tis said, we ought to speak
Their merit as we find;
As such, the captain was to me,
Good-natur'd, friendly, kind.

Likewise, our lengthened passage through,
With pleasure I may tell,
That all the crew, both *fore* and *aft*,
Behaved to me full well.

When them you see make some return,
Though that return be poor,
As they, at sea, were kind to me,
Be kind to them on shore.

SLEIGHING,

A Mode of Travelling, and of taking Parties of Pleaſure, in various Parts of America.

NOT VENUS's chariot ſeen from far,
Not PHÆTON's more rapid car,
Shall now employ the lay;
Gently deſcending from the ſkies,
I ſing the pleaſures which ariſe
From jaunting in a SLEIGH.

Bleſt be the man who firſt found out,
(A cunning wight he was, no doubt)
And eke be bleſt the day,
Whoſe happy ſkill did firſt produce,
Alike for pleaſure and for uſe,
That carriage called a SLEIGH. *

Delightful

* A Sleigh (or Slay) is a low, open carriage, without wheels, generally drawn by two horſes,

Delightful ſcheme! in wintry weather,
Five, ſix, or ſeven packed together,
In ſtraw, or ſofter hay;
O'er plains of ice, through hills of ſnow,
Full canter, neck or nought, to go,
Triumphant in a SLEIGH!

Without a wiſh, I can behold
The ſplendid coach bedaubed with gold,
The chaiſe and chariot gay;
Alike, with unconcern can ſee,
The *cabriole* and *vis-a-vis*,
When mounted in my SLEIGH!

My cares I ſcatter to the wind,
Leave creeping Caution far behind,
To cull her ſober way:
It is not care, it is not fear,
Shall ever ſtop my ſwift career,
When driving in my SLEIGH.

'Tis true, perchance, being old and weak,
The pole may ſnap, the traces break;—
The horſes run away;
Myſelf get bruiſed, and ſcratched and wet,
And in ſome luckleſs hole o'erſet,
Ignobly with my SLEIGH!

But 'tis not bruiſe, nor ſcratch, nor fall,
Nor horſes loſt, ſtill worſe than all,
Shall ever me diſmay;
Nay, even, ſhould I break my neck,
Not hardly that, I think, would check
My fury for a SLEIGH!

Then to the tavern when I come,
The blazing fire, the open room,
Mine hoſteſs briſk and gay,
Has every thing in order got,
To eat, to drink, both cold and hot,
For cuſtomers in SLEIGH!

At ſav'ry pye my lips I ſmack,
The gammon ſlice, the biſcuits crack,
(Intending, ſir, to pay)
Of *pepper'd wine* I freely ſup,
And fill, and drink, and fill my cup;
Then mount again my SLEIGH.

Again, for home, away I hie,
My willing hackneys ſeem to fly,
Not minding ſtop nor ſtay:
Thus, every winter may I go,
Thus, taſte the paſſing joys which flow
From jaunting in a SLEIGH!

SONG.

SONG.

I.

WHILST bolder bards, in lofty flight,
Of mighty chiefs and heroes write,
Renowned in combat, great in fight,
Who conquer, cruſh and kill,
I court a more engaging muſe,
A theme more ſoft than this I chuſe,
A theme which in my ſoul renews
Thoſe feelings he muſt feel who views
My MOGGY of the Mill.

II.

As t'other day, with haſty feet,
To ſhun the noontide's ſcorching heat,
I ſought yond' kindly cool retreat,
Where runs the bubling rill;
Where, tranc'd in all the ſweets of May,
Attendant ſylphs and wood-nymphs play;
But ſweeter, fairer, far than they,
Upon the river's margin lay
My MOGGY of the Mill.

III.

Who could behold, and not admire
Thoſe charms which might an hermit fire?
Enkindling love and warm deſire
Did all my boſom fill.
At firſt I feared the nymph would fly,
But ſoon her mild, complacent eye
Encouraged hope;—I drew more nigh,
And thus addreſſed, with heaving ſigh,
My MOGGY of the Mill.

IV.

This ſcene ten thouſand beauties ſhows;
The hillocks ſmile, the valley glows,
Gently the murmuring water flows;
And Nature ſports at will:
Sweet, the wild roſe, and fragrant are
The breezes blown from hawthorn fair;
But wild-roſe, ſweet, may not compare,
Nor hawthorn bloom, nor balmy air,
With MOGGY of the Mill.

V.

Oh! kindly hear a youth complain,
Nor let my ſighs be breathed in vain;
Smile, charming maid, and eaſe my pain;
For I'll be conſtant ſtill.
By thoſe all-perfect features where
The mingling ſpring and ſummer are;
Than ſnow-white neck, and auburn hair,
Were I a king, my throne I'd ſhare
With MOGGY of the Mill!

VI.

Oh! make a faithful lover bleſt,
I fondly cried, and to my breaſt,
Her hand, with eager tranſport preſt;
Not much againſt her will.
With modeſt bluſh ſhe own'd conſent;
And to the neighb'ring church we went:
Sweet is the time I ſince have ſpent;
For every moment brings content
With MOGGY of the Mill.

SONG.

I.

THE beauty of this op'ning roſe,
Emblem of you ſo freſh and gay!
The fragrant ſcent, which from it flows,
Muſt ſoon, Dorinda, paſs away.

II.

Yond' curious butterfly, behold,
His narrow circuit traverſe o'er,
On ſilken wings, bedropp'd with gold,
Which flit their hour, and are no more.

III.

So cruel Time, with powerful ſway,
Shall change, my fair, that charming face;
The Loves and Graces ſteal away,
And every youthful beauty chace!

IV.

Of Life, the ſhort uncertain joy,
Learn, hence, Dorinda, how to prize;
Let Love the preſent hour employ;—
Old Time on rapid pinions flies!

ANSWER

ANSWER

TO THE

FOREGOING.

I.

PEACE! ſpecious moraliſt! no more
Thy bold, inſulting ſtrain prolong;
Even, as thyſelf, thy logic's poor,
Poor is the purport of thy ſong!

II.

When Beauty's tranſient bloom ſhall flee,
Beauty of giddy youth the boaſt,
Shall life's more ſolid comforts be,
For ever, with the pageant loſt?

III.

III.

When from thoſe cheeks the colour flies,
And ſilv'ry grey beſtrews mine head,
When dim'd the luſtre of theſe eyes,
To ev'ry joy ſhall I be dead?

IV.

No, ſubtle *Strephon*! when this face
Is changed, by Time, by Chance or Pain,
When gone each fleeting outward grace,
An inward charm ſhall ſtill remain.

V.

When threeſcore winters more are paſt,
And ebbing life faſt runs away,
Dorinda ſtill ſhall pleaſure taſte;—
The joys of Virtue ne'er decay.

PLAIN DEALING.

THOMAS, now in his twentieth year,
And quitting faſt the boy,
Reſolv'd the boaſted ſweets to ſhare,
Which marri'd folks enjoy.

To bonny *Nan* he long had been,
In ſecret moſt inclined,
At length one evening on the green,
He thus declar'd his mind:

If you, ſays *Tom*, with wond'rous eaſe,
Would change a maiden life,
I'll be your huſband, if you pleaſe,
And you ſhall be my wife.

A partner I'm reſolved to take,
The marriage ſtate is bleſt,
To you the offer firſt I make,
Becauſe I like you beſt.

But if the thing you may not like,
(I have not time to woo)
With *Dolly* I'll the bargain ſtrike,
For ſhe's as fair as you:

But if fair *Dolly* ſhould refuſe,
'Twill make no odds to me;
'Mong fifty others I can chuſe,
Full out as fair as ſhe.

Of girls, God wot! we've large ſupply!
And haply, may have ſtill;
Therefore, tho' one may not comply,
I truſt another will.

Anſwer not long did *Nan* delay,
Well knowing *Tom*'s intent,
But fairly took the wiſeſt way,
And gave her full conſent.

Next day, amid the village train,
The parſon, ſafe and ſound,
In roſy *Hymen*'s ſilken chain,
The youthful couple bound.

Hence, learn, ye fair, diſguiſe to ſhun
Hence be your airs forgot;
And e'en as *Nan* has wiſely done,
" Strike while the iron's hot."

For many a virgin to her coſt,
This proverb hath explained—
" An opportunity once loſt
" Can never be regained."

SONG.

SONG,

INTENDED FOR A

FREE-MASON's LODGE.

OH! give me the man who diſcreetly can take
His glaſs, not for liquor's but company's ſake;
Not the ſot who would tipple from morning to night,
Swear, ſwagger, and end his carouſe with a fight.

CHORUS.

May we from ſuch company ever be free,
And the longer we live the more cloſely agree.

Our board may no envy or ſlander diſgrace,
With us may the libertine ne'er have a place;
The captious, the profligate come us not near,
Nor the reprobate's oath touch the moraliſt's ear.

CHORUS.

May we, &c.

May Love, Peace and Unity ever maintain,
Cement and conſolidate Friendſhip's bright chain.
May a zeal for propriety ſtill lead us on,
To our founder, our ſaint, our immortal *St. John!*

CHORUS.

May the moment arrive when all Maſons ſhall be
Independently happy, eternally FREE!

FINIS.